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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

UNBELIEVERS IN OLD AGE.

From Barzillai the Gileadite; or considerations on Old Age. By the Rev. John Cormack, D. D.

There are some, whose languid and feeble efforts in laying up the true provision for old age, need to be stimulated in various ways: and it may, by the divine blessing, be of some use to such persons to consider the destitution of those, who have lived manifestly at a distance from God. Among professors of the Gospel, the name and the forms of religion in connexion with the 'heart, that is deceitful above all things,' are often productive of the most fatal delusions, so that men go down to the grave with a lie in their right hand. There is but one real distinction among men in relation to God, and that is the distinction of believer and unbeliever. Among professors of the Gospel, there are many unbelievers, in the true scriptural sense of the word. They deny nothing that the Bible says; nay, they think they believe it all, while they know it but inaccurately, and do not understand it at all. Oh! that any thing could be said to rouse such persons to the pursuit of that divine science of which we have spoken, and the practice of that divine art, of which the result is present peace and eternal happiness.

Between the unbeliever, who makes professions of Christianity, and the unbeliver who does not, there is substantially no difference. Both are devoid of the provision which old age requires. We may glance at the case of those who make no profession. They may be adorned with literature and science, falsely so called; and may attract much admiration and applause; but being far from God, they are also far from happiness. In the possession of health and vigor, and the ministration of human applause, a man may contrive to support himself tolerably on the husks of time, and may seem to be refreshed by its tainted and muddy streams. But in old age, these are found insufficient. They never had true happiness to impart, and they have not now even the semblance of it to give.

Among avowed unbelievers, there is an effort made in sickness, or the approach of death, to seem, if not happy, at least not miserable. Their associates do what they can to favor the imposture. One cannot but regret that such a man as Dr. Adam Smith should have laid himself open to this charge, in his account of David Hume at the approach of death. The representations he has given of that eminent infidel, indeed, indicate imbecility and mental weakness, rather than courage and wisdom. But they give a very defective view of the fact of the case; and the fact of the case was this; when infidel associates were present, administering such excitements as they had to give, and stimulating the pride, that unwillingly retracts sentiments which had been long maintained; something of that childish inanity, of which Dr. Smith, with so little reason, seems to vaunt, was exhibited. But when old associates retired, and the infidel philosopher was left to his own resources, he sunk into a state of wretchedness and mental torture, which no language can adequately represent. But the correct authentic account I received of it, and which is well known to several persons of unimpeachable veracity and integrity now alive, naturally reminded me of what the Scripture says of the gnawing of 'the worm that never dieth.' It seemed to be 'the beginning of sorrows.'

As in the case of other infidels, it was attempted to conceal the last miserable scene of Voltaire's life. The agonies of his mind no words can express; and the very recollection of what has been expressed, produces a feeling, for which the only appropriate name is *horror*. Happily, however, the facts are on record for the warning of others; and it is to be hoped, that the revolting recital has been frequently salutary.

Avowed infidels, obliged to admit these and similar facts, call them the weaknesses of failing nature; and I have known of the workings of such a mind, which had no hope toward God, and his dreadful wish was that he might pass in a moment from health to death; and thus escape the weakening influence of disease, which might tempt him to renounce his principles. His principles! and were they really worth retaining? It was acknowledged that they did not make him happy; and, anxious as he was to shut his eyes against the light of truth, he was yet afraid that the shattering effects of disease upon the cottage of clay, might produce chinks, through which, some unwelcome rays of light might enter. And yet this class of men, with an inconsistency, that it is strange they can hide from themselves, are continually talking of candor, and of liberal and enlightened minds free from prejudice!

Something similar is presented to us by Gibbon in the contemplation of that event which awaits all, and for which infidelity has no solace to offer. It is to be remarked also, that at the time he wrote the sentences I am about to extract, he was in the vigor of life, and in the possession of health, and a competency, and growing fame. He wrote, therefore, under the power of fascination; and we are to expect the delineation and the coloring to be as favorable to his system as possible.

In the concluding paragraph of his memoirs, written by himself, and that twenty years before his death, he says,* 'the present is a fleeting moment; the past is no more, and our prospects of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may possibly be my last; but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind, or body; but I most reluctantly observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.'

This writer, who shows us the uselessness of his system in administerting comfort and support, when they are most needed, has told us an anecdote, which strongly marks the misgiving of other infidels of celebrity, when looking to the future.

'Mr. d'Alembert relates,' says Gibbon, 'that as he was walking in the garden of Sans Souci, with the king of Prussia, Frederic said to him. Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably a more happy being than either of us.'

I will here subjoin an anecdote, and that too of a poor woman, who was certainly happier than either the king or the philosopher.—Happening to be overtaken by a tremendous thunder storm, many years ago, in the island of Italy, I entered the first cottage I could reach, to avoid the rain, which was falling in torrents, I was kindly welcomed by the mother of the family, whom I found at the door with three or four children about her. Among other things, I asked her whether she was not afraid in this thunder storm, and particularly as the peals were so tremendous and so near? Looking up with composure, and an expression of some surprise, at the question, she said, 'And why should I be afraid?—Am I not as secure in God's protection, when the thunder roars, as in the midst of a calm?'

Here was a happy woman. She had made provision for the time of need. She was at all times enjoying it. She was strong in the faith, giving glory to God; and in this principle she had found an infinitely more sublime, ennobling, and influential philosphy, than all the sages of infidelity ever pretended to attain. What a transporting and transforming philosophy is this, in which the most lowly peasant can make attainments above all that academic wisdom could ever impart? Oh, that every professing Christian, instead of resting in the ambiguities of religion, would put his principles to the test of conscious love to God, and give the appropriate evidence of that love, in a life of faith and holiness! Then is there a provision made for whatever may come, whether health or sickness, death or life, time or eternity.

* Gibbon's Memoirs, written by himself, edited by Lord Sheffield.

THE BIBLE IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

The following remarks on the blessings which the Bible Society has conferred upon France, and the call for the Bible which is beginning to be made in Italy, are from the speech of the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe at the recent anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In respect to France, I would institute a comparison between what France was ten years ago, when I had an opportunity of ascertaining its religious state, and what it is at the present time. And I would remark, that I never saw so great a moral change. I never knew so many voices raised up to bear their testimony to the Bible, as the originating cause of that moral and spiritual movement which is taking place in that country. I might say, that, if our country is distinguished by the establishment of rail-roads for travelling with astonishing rapidity, there seems to me to be erecting, more especially in the kingdom of France, a spiritual rail-road, that is evidently accomplishing mighty results; and you have the greatest encouragement to go on in the prosecution of your great work. Ladies may take encouragement; for some of the most active laborers in France—particularly in Paris—are ladies, distinguished by their high rank, united with others of inferior degree; but all consecrating their time and their energies to the cause of the Redeemer. Again, where, ten years ago, I saw schools in their infancy, I found, upon visiting them only a week ago, that they comprised no less a number of scholars than eight hundred!—800, the majority of them belonging to Roman Catholic families, who were taught not according to the wisdom of man, but from the lively oracles of God; making answers that I should have rejoiced to hear in our own Sunday Schools. Scriptural knowledge is made the foundation of Scriptural piety; and God's blessing crowns those labors with success.

I proceeded to another part of France—I mean, more particularly, the district of the Saone and the Loire. I never saw, in any tract of country, such blessings as those that have been conferred by the Bible Society on that portion of France. Wherever the waters of the Saone and the Loire roll their fertilizing streams, there goes the stream of Divine Truth—there your Bibles and Testaments are scattered—there they are read. First comes the Colporteur; afterwards comes the Evangelist; then the Church and the Pastor; and then, joy among the Angels that are in Heaven, over many a repenting sinner. I might point out more particularly the cities of Louhans, Macon, and Chalons. I would just mention, with respect to Chalons, that they are erecting there two churches. I visited the minister; and I never saw a man actuated by a better spirit, or giving marks of more enlightened piety and zeal. I said to him, 'Pray, Sir, what has been the origin of your church? for I understand it is recent in its establishment.' He said 'The circulation of the Bible and of the New Testament. It has been assisted, likewise, by the distribution of Tracts. This has given rise to the conversion of 70 Roman Catholics;—and these Roman Catholics have given occasion to the church that we are erecting, which is sufficient to hold 400 persons: and we have built it so large, because we are persuaded that God's blessing on the perusal of the New Testament is so signal, that we shall soon require even an additional church, and fill it with worshippers.' And that will be the fruit of the circulation of the Bible! At Lyons, again, there is a very remarkable work going forward; it began under the ministry of the Rev. Adolphos Monod; but the circulation of the Bible contributed largely to strengthen that work, and to establish it. In the Sunday that I spent there, I saw the worship conducted with most visible tokens of piety and decorum. I heard the minister, the Rev. M. Cordes preach like a man of God, pointing to the cross of Christ, proclaiming the great doctrine of man's lost and perishing state, and directing his people to the only hope of refuge and salvation; and afterwards, when the sacred communion was celebrated, out of 200 persons who generally formed the amount of worshippers, 250 were communicants; and when I asked the minister this question, 'Pray, Sir, do you exercise proper discretion? do you take care to assure yourself of the principles, and the life and practice, of the communicants? are you assured of their piety, as far as it is in the power of man to judge by the external life and conversation?' he said: 'I am deeply impressed with the importance and the solemnity of that duty; and there is not a single individual among those 250, but I believe him to be under the genuine influence of religious principle. Afterwards, a man came forward, with a most respectable gravity of appearance and address, and begged to see the minister: he said he had a message to deliver to him. The message proved to be this:—'I attend your place of worship, sir, every Sabbath day; I come three leagues (which is about seven miles or seven miles and a half;) several of my neighbors come, in like manner. I am commissioned this day to say, that if you will send a Protestant minister, there are two or three hundred persons, at this very moment, prepared to receive him.' In short, wherever the Bible is circulated, God appears to bear testimony to it; and I have no doubt, that if you could yourselves witness the progress of your cause in that part of the continent, it would rejoice your heart, and call forth one common feeling of acclamation to the praise and glory of God.

I now turn to Italy;—and I beg more particularly to urge the exertions of this noble society in that country. If there is any place under heaven that needs the Bible, it seems to be that country—a country set against its admission; and yet there is, even in Italy, a kind of universal demand for the Bible. The Bible is not known by many; but there is a general impression that it *ought* to be known: that it ought to be free as the air we breathe, and as the light that shines from heaven; that it is the common charter of salvation for all mankind; and that what God has given, no man, and no church, has a right to intercept in its progress. In order to show how little the Bible is known, even by some who ought to be the interpreters of it, I may state that a priest one day entered into conversation with me, and challenged me to enter on the points of controversy between us. I told him I had no particular wish to do so; but if he challenged me, I was Protestant enough to accept the challenge; provided that the basis of our argument might be a reference to the Bible. Having accepted this as the basis, he said, 'Now, Sir, what is your objection to us?' I said, 'My objection is this— you exclude the Bible.' 'We do *not* exclude the Bible: you Protestants are constantly casting that imputation on us; we do not exclude the Bible.' I said, 'Sir, pardon me; I can find the Bible nowhere here; or else it is in such a form, as almost to prevent the possibility of its purchase. I went into one of the principal booksellers shops in Rome the other day, and said, 'I want a Bible.' 'Very well, sir; here is one.' 'Why,' I said, 'this is a series of volumes; do you call this the Bible?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Pray how many volumes are there? it looks more like a library than the Bible.' 'Sir,' he said, 'there are seventy-seven volumes.' Seventy-seven volumes! I counted them one after the other, and the number was seventy-seven. In fact the work was so overladen with notes, that it was like the Tarpeian maid sinking under the weight of her ornaments: you could scarcely recognize the text, owing to the mass of note and comment with which it was encompassed. The priest replied to all this: 'Well, we *have* the Bible.' I said, 'Pray, sir, have you one in your possession at this moment?' 'I have.' 'Will you have the kindness to produce it?' He produced what he called his Bible; but what was my astonishment, when I found it to be a Roman Breviary! I immediately said, 'Pray, sir, do you call this the Bible?' 'Yes, look at it; here is a reference to the Psalms; here are extracts from Isaiah and Jeremiah, and from one sacred writer and another; surely it is the same thing.' I said, 'No, sir; extracts from a book can by no argument of logic ever be considered to be the book itself.' But all that I could get from him was the common phrase, 'C'est la meme chose!' 'It is the same thing: It makes no difference.'

Now, in order to show what a call there is on this society to distribute the Bible, allow me to mention the encouraging fact, that, during the time I was in Rome, but a few months ago, there were two Augustine Friars who had received Bibles, I believe from the beneficence of this society; and the effect had been, that their minds were enlightened;—the character of their preaching was immediately changed; and (on the principle, that when a man once perceives the value of Divine Truth himself, he feels a desire to communicate that blessing to others) these Augustine Friars went through different parts of the country, as we should say, preaching the gospel, and producing a powerful effect. At length they were checked by the authority of the church of Rome, and lodged in the Castle of St. ——: and there left them, imprisoned for that great crime of reading the Bible, and preaching according to its divine contents. And, further to show what the degree of persecution is, I would beg briefly to mention, that a Swiss minister, distributing the Bible in a part of Italy, the name of which, perhaps, it may be more prudent not to disclose, was, in consequence, visited by the police, and commanded to leave the country in forty-eight hours. I may also state, that though he had distributed only a small portion of his books—I think about twenty-three Bibles and Testaments—those that had received them were actually imprisoned, some for six weeks, some for seven, and one for ten weeks, in consequence of having a copy in their possession. Another individual, who was assisting in the circulation of Tracts, was taken at C——, in Savoy; a legal process was instituted against him, for acting contrary to the laws of the country, and circulating bad books, as they are called; he was condemned to twelve months imprisonment, and to a fine of three hundred francs: it was only by the most earnest entreaty that the period of his imprisonment was abridged, and that, at the expiration of eight months, he was once more permitted to enjoy that liberty which is our birthright here, and which we can associate with a more glorious liberty—the liberty of the sons of God.'

My Lord, I will not prolong these statements. I will just add, however, one remark; because I think it may be well to know what is the thermometer of public opinion in Rome, and what is the estimate they form of our position at this moment in Great Britain, and how we are regarded in what is emphatically called 'the capital of the Christian world.' It is the prevailing impression, then, my Lord, at this time, in Rome, among the priests—indeed among all classes that are well informed there—that we are on the very eve of abandoning the principles of Protestantism, and going over to the Roman Catholic church. Now I pledge myself to the truth of that fact; it is no secret; it is the usual congratulation with which they approach you. There is a kind of fraternal embrace which they are willing to give; and the foundation of this regard is, a supposed assimilation of feeling and principle, and that we are on the verge of embracing the Roman Catholic faith. I asked the question, and a friend of mine asked the same, 'Pray, upon what evidence do you ground this supposition?' 'We ground it,' they replied, 'upon facts that are too obvious and too well known to require being stated.' We requested that they would state those facts—state them in detail, and argue the point if necessary, to establish them. Now, though I do not think it would be prudent to enter into all the arguments that were brought forward, I would beg to say, that among the causes which they assigned for this supposition that we are on the point of joining the Roman Catholics, some were political, of which their admission into Parliament was a leading feature: another was, the multiplication of their places of worship, by means of Protestant money, and with Protestant attendance, and with Protestant concurrence; and then, last of all, they appealed—and, I am sure, with a feeling of triumph on their part, which, upon mine, I felt as an insult—they appealed to the state of one of our Universities. I lament, my Lord, to say it—I truly lament to re-echo the remark but the cause of truth requires me to be faithful. I impeach no man; I do not impeach that body of men whom I allude to. I candidly acknowledge their claims to piety, and to zeal, probably far superior to my own; though I must as candidly acknowledge, that I do not concur in their interpretation of truth. But I feel it necessary to state, that our friends at Rome said, 'Go to Oxford—go to your seat of learning—not a place in a corner—not a place marked by ignorance, but where science has established her banner—the place where your youth are educated for all your professions—and from whence your ministers are to be supplied; go, and look there! they are doing our work so effectually, that we have no need to do it for ourselves!' My Lord, it was with profound grief that I heard such an imputation; and I am convinced, that the authors of the writings referred to would repel the charge with indignation. But I would say, in conclusion, if these are the sentiments they form in Rome, what ought we to be doing in Great Britain? I trust that we shall remember that here once were men called by the honored names of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley; and that one of them said, 'Brother Ridley, we are this day lighting a flame, that, by God's grace, shall never, never go out.' If Rome thinks that that flame is now approaching the moment of its extinction, I pray that we may add fresh fuel and fresh materials to it; and while, in France, the Roman Catholic prelates have met (in those parts of the country to which I have alluded) to inquire what can be done to check the progress of Protestantism, let it be our resolution to inquire what we can do, as Protestants, to resist the progress of Romanism.

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ON PUBLIC PRAYER.

Of all the ordinances of Divine appointment, none is of more importance than that of Public Prayer. One of the most endearing titles of Jehovah is, 'the Hearer of Prayer,' and the place where his people meet to worship him, is emphatically styled 'the house of prayer.'

Yet while the importance of the ordinance will be readily admitted, much misapprehension prevails regarding the proper manner of attending to it. Many seem to suppose that its performance may be left wholly to the minister; and provided he is rightly employed, it matters little how the people are occupied in the mean time. But surely a little consideration might show the fallacy of such an idea.

It ought to be remembered, that the very nature of social worship implies that all present should take a part in it. In the act of assembling together for this purpose, therefore, Christians virtually profess to unite in the devotional services. Public prayer is a means of grace which they are required to employ for their own improvement, and for obtaining blessings for themselves and others.

When we speak of the prayers of a church, we must mean the united prayers of the individual members of it, when met in their church capacity.

It is not more correct to say, that the prayers presented from the pulpit by the minister alone are the prayers of the church, than it would be to say that a church celebrated the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, if none but the minister partook of the elements. He is the mouth of the people, as it were, to the Lord, but it is their duty to appropriate his language to themselves, and use it as if it were their own.

It is true, it would be highly improper indeed, quite impracticable, for a number of people all at once to give audible utterance to their prayers. But although they may not *outwardly* express them, they ought to adopt the sentiments, and *inwardly* to exercise adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and desire;—while they may not pray with the voice, it is their duty to do it with the heart. It is not the act of the bodily members, but the proper feeling of the mind, that constitutes the chief part of acceptable worship.

Now, if it is the duty of all, to engage in this manner in the performance of public prayer, what must we think of the practice of many professed Christians?

I do not see how we can avoid the conclusion that some congregations, as such, do not pray at all. Let any one who doubts this, cast his eye over one of our worshipping assemblies during this service, and judge for himself. A few here and there he may see whose attitude and manner betoken that their hearts are in the work;—others are looking attentively at the minister, as if gathering instruction from his words;—while many more exhibit the most listless indifference, or have their attention attracted by every trifle that meets their observation.

We wonder and lament, that, amid all our exertions, religion appears so languid among ourselves, and makes so little progress throughout the earth; but may not the language of the apostle furnish us with a solution? 'We have not, because we ask not.' We talk with complacency of the great pecuniary efforts that are made for the extension of the gospel, while we are apt to overlook that which is more efficacious than the wealth of kingdoms. When I speak of the efficacy of human agency, I have not forgotten that the conversion of sinners, and their subsequent sanctification, are the work of Divine power; but I also remember, that in the kingdom of grace, as in that of providence, God usually forwards his designs by the instrumentality of means, the right employment of which he has entrusted to us.

Accordingly, in Scripture, the success of prayer in obtaining desired blessings, is frequently mentioned. In apostolic times, when the gospel made such rapid progress, we find, among the means employed by the early believers, that this ordinance occupies a prominent place. The disciples *continued with one accord* in supplication and prayer.' It may be noticed, too, that many injunctions to this duty, in the New Testament, are addressed to churches, and seem particularly to refer to it in their associated capacity. If, therefore, we would aim at great success, we must, along with all our efforts, individually and collectively, 'continue instant in prayer.' Truly, 'the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.' The mechanician, guided by certain known principles, lays down his plan, prepares his materials, and by persevering exertion confidently reckons on the attainment of his wishes;—and the result realizes his expectations. The husbandman prepares the soil, throws in the seed, and anticipates in due time the reward of his labor;—and he is not disappointed. But Christians, although fully assured that the means confided to them are adequate for procuring the most important and valuable of all benefits, proceed with doubting hesitation; they sow sparingly and reap also sparingly.

'ASK, and ye SHALL RECEIVE; SEEK, and ye SHALL FIND; KNOCK, and it SHALL BE OPENED unto you.' If the effectual fervent prayer of one righteous man avails much, might we not hope for an incalculable amount of good from the united fervent prayers of many such men? When we see professed believers standing forth in their proper position as a separate people—followers of their Divine Leader; when in all our worshipping assemblies they join together as members of the same body in ardent persevering supplications, pressing onward, as it were, with holy resolution towards victory, yet trusting not in their own strength, but in the grace of the Omnipotent; then may we with joyful confidence look up, for the days of millennial glory will be drawing nigh.

PASTORAL LABORS.

No other man sustains an office of such fearful responsibility as the minister of the Gospel of Christ. Take a view of the duties constantly devolving upon him, and you will exclaim with Paul—'who is sufficient for these things?'

1. He especially must cultivate *personal piety*. He must not only have a 'good report of them which are without,' but he must be 'an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity.' In the performance of his duty, he, in common with his flock, has to contend with indwelling sin and the temptations of this wicked world; and as no other class of men so deeply wound the cause of Christ by falling into sin; so no class is so much tempted of the devil.

2. He must be prepared constantly to declare to men the whole counsel of God. To do this he must not only go through a long preparatory course of study, but must constantly 'give attendance to reading—meditate on these things—give himself wholly to them, that his profiting may appear to all.' From week to week frequently, and on all occasions, he must appear before his people to impart to them such instruction as they need. He must be 'instant in season, out of season—reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine.' He must not only instruct, but interest his people, 'like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old.' He must study to show himself approved unto God, 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.' It is the solemn command of the Savior—'Feed my lambs—feed my sheep.' 'Feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood.'

3. To perform these arduous and important duties, the pastor must not only read and study much; but he must *visit his people*, converse with them, be intimately acquainted with their spiritual condition. Otherwise how shall he 'give them their portion of meat in due season?' Pastoral visitation, especially if his people are much scattered, will occupy a large part of his time. But in addition to the regular visitation, he must visit the sick and afflicted of his flock, that he may comfort them by the rich promises of the Gospel. He is appointed an *overseer*, and must 'watch for their souls, as they that must give account.'

4. The pastor must be prepared also 'earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints'—be 'able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers; for there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, whose mouths must be stopped; who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not, for filty lucre's sake. It becomes necessary, therefore, that the pastor be acquainted with the prevailing errors, that he may expose them and warn his people against them. He must be prepared also to vindicate the Scriptures against the cavils of the learned infidel.

5. Another considerable part of his time must be occupied in attending the judicatories of the church, in preaching in destitute places, &c. &c.

He who will perform these duties faithfully, will have no time to devote to other avocations—he must give himself *wholly* to them, and he must be a laborious man. It is probably not the duty of every minister to be a *pastor*, in the ordinary sense of the word; but certainly the pastor should, in all ordinary cases, have no other business to occupy his time and attention. And there can be no doubt, that the inefficiency of many pastors and their want of success in the ministry, may be traced directly to the fact, that, through necessity or for some reason or other, their minds are occupied and their time is employed in other pursuits. We are gratified to see decided indications in our Church of a determination to establish more generally the pastoral relation. We trust the time is at hand, when our ministers will say, as said the Apostles, 'But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.' Then may they expect the fulfilment of the precious promise, 'Lo, I am with you.' Then will there be many among us, who will 'be wise to win souls.' Then will the Church 'arise and shine.'—*Protestant and Herald.*

MANAGEMENT OF SCHOOLS.

We make the following extract from an address, recently delivered by R. C. Waterston, on the best means of exerting a moral and spiritual influence in Schools. We commend it to the attention of such of our readers as feel an interest in the subject.

Be not suspicious. Cultivate charitable feelings. Look at the bright side.—Do not underrate the intentions of the scholars. Do not take it for granted, that they act from low motives. It is better to believe that a child does right, till you absolutely know the reverse, than to suspect him while innocent. A good teacher 'thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, is not easily provoked.'

Do not tempt to deception. This may be done in many ways. First, the scholar may be asked respecting a fault, in such a way as to require great moral courage on his part, to tell the plain truth. Such questions should, if possible, be avoided. Secondly, a scholar may be placed in such a situation, as that in the nature of things, he will be liable to deceive.—A teacher should therefore consider the weakness of the child, and place him where he will be least exposed. And again, the child may be tempted to deceive, by seeing the teacher deceive.

If the teacher has any sly ways of detecting boys; if he stands with his back to them, that he may turn suddenly round; if he leans upon his hand, appearing to be absorbed in contemplation, while he is watching between his fingers; in fact, if he does any thing which is cunning or deceptive, it teaches cunning and deception to the children. If, for instance, the school is drilled upon particular questions, selected here and there, as the 5th, 7th and 18th, so that when the committee comes the school may appear well; and the scholars before them are asked at random, the 5th, 7th and 18th questions, giving it to be understood that these are a fair sample of their general scholarship; this teaches deception. It is a practical lesson not soon forgotten. A teacher should lay aside every artifice; and in all cases, be scrupulously sincere and upright—fair and honorable in the minutest particular, transparent as the thinnest crystal.

Do not exact too much: for this will tempt the child to deceive, besides being in its nature unjust. Young children are, by nature, restless; if then, you require them to sit quite still, beyond a proper time, it becomes irksome, and they watch their opportunity, that when the teacher's eye is away, they may whisper and turn. Might there not, with advantage be some relaxation? This has been tried, with success, in one of our largest public schools. After a length of silence and close application, the bell unexpectedly strikes. 'Scholars,' says the teacher, 'you have been quite still; now for a moment's relaxation, and then to our work again. Rise,——turn three times——hold up your hands.——now clap them——draw in a long breath——now give the sound of the vowels.'—The bell again strikes, all are down.—'Now scholars, see how industrious you can be.' Every mind is at work, and all is still.

Be not sarcastic. Some teachers have a natural tendency to say things which cut through a child's heart like a knife. A scholar makes some mistake; instead of a simple reproof, comes a tone of ridicule. The child feels wronged. One is stung into revengeful passion, another crushed with despair. I do

not think a child should ever be mimicked, even for a drawling tone, without explaining beforehand, that it is not for ridicule, but to show in what the fault consists; while that scorching sarcasm which some teachers use, should be wholy abolished. It tends to call up bad passions, and to engender bad feelings in the child's mind toward the teacher and all that he does.

A teacher, in order that he may best exert a moral and spiritual influence, should be familiar and gentle. There is, no doubt, a dignity that is essential in the schoolroom, but it need not partake of arrogance. True dignity must always be connected with simplicity.—Children are keen observers, and they either shrink from artificial austerity, or smile at it as absurd. A teacher who should walk about his school, with a domineering manner, might talk about moral and spiritual truth till he was weary, and do little good. To produce much good, a teacher must win the confidence and love of the children; and to do this he should, in his manners, be natural and gentle.

So with the tone of voice. If a teacher is sharp and crabbed in his speech; if he calls out with dogmatical authority, he shuts up the hearts of his scholars, and the spell is broken; 'they will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.' A subdued manner, and a low, kind tone will work wonders. Some always speak in the imperative mood. 'Fifth boy, second division bring your book this way.'—Another says, 'Master Howe, will you bring me your book?' Now, both boys know they are to obey; but the first does with some degree of scorn, what the other does cheerfully. Who would not rather be *asked* than *ordered*?

Teach the children to be affectionate to each other; to have kind feelings, without envy or jealousy; that difference in dress makes no distinctions; that they should be as a band of brothers, bound by the tenderest ties of love. 'The older scholars, (I use the words of a friend who is the instructor of a most excellent school) should be taught to feel a deep interest in the younger; to watch over them as sisters, and to feel a responsibility for their happiness and improvement. I know from experience that this can be done; for nothing binds me more strongly to my school, than this feeling of sympathy, which so sweetly pervades it.

Study a child's capacities. If some are naturally dull and yet *strive* to do well, notice the effort, and do not censure the dullness. A teacher might as justly scold a child for being near sighted as for being naturally dull. Some children have great verbal memory, others are quite the reverse. Some minds develope early, others late. Some have great power of acquiring, others of originating. Some may appear stupid, because the true spring of their character has never been touched. The dunce of the school may turn out, in the end, the living, progressive, wonder working genius of the age. In order to exert the best spiritual influence, we must understand the spirits *upon* which we wish to exert that influence. For with the human mind we must work *with* Nature, and not *against* it. Like the leaf of the nettle, if touched one way, it stings like the wasp; if the other, it is softer than satin. If we would do justice to the human mind, we must find out its peculiar characteristics, and adapt ourselves to its individual wants. In conversing upon this point with a friend, who is now the principal in one of our best grammar schools, and to whose instruction I look back with delight, 'your remarks,' said he, 'are quite true; and let me tell you of a little incident, which bears upon the point. Last summer I had a girl, who was exceedingly behind in all her studies. She was at the foot of the division, and seemed to care but little for her books. It so happened, that, as a relaxation, I let them at times, during school hours, unite in singing. I noticed that this girl had a remarkably clear, sweet voice; and I said to her 'Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing.' She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to and she soon gained a higer rank. One day, as I was going home, I overtook her with a school companion. 'Well Jane,' said I, 'you are getting along very well; how happens it that you do so much better now, than at the beginning of the quarter?' 'I do not know why it is,' she replied. 'I know what she told me the other day,' said her companion. 'And what was that,' said the teacher. 'Why, she said, *she was encouraged.*'

Yes, here we have it, she was *encouraged.* She felt that she was not dull in every thing. She had learned self respect, and thus she was encouraged.—Some twelve or thirteen years ago, there was in the Franklin school an exceeding dull boy. One day, the teacher, wishing to look out a word, took up the lad's dictionary, and on opening it, found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him. 'Did you draw these said the teacher. 'Yes, sir, said the boy. 'I do not think it is well for boys to draw in their books,' said the teacher, 'and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done; did you ever take lessons?' 'No, sir,' said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

'Well, I think you have a talent for this thing—I should like to have you draw me something when you have leisure, at home, and bring it to me.—In the mean time see how well you can recite your lessons.' The next morning the boy brought a picture, and when he had committed his lesson, the teacher allowed him to draw a map. The true spring was touched—the boy felt that he was understood. He began to love the teacher. He became animated and fond of his books. He took delight in gratifying the teacher, by his faithfulness to his studies; while the teacher took opportunity to encourage him in his natural desires. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left school. After this he became an engraver—laid up money to go to Europe, studied the works of the old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which have found a place in some of our best collections of paintings, and is now one of the most promising artist of his years, in the country. After the boy gained the medal he sent the teacher a beautiful picture, as a token of love and respect; and while he was an engraver, the teacher received frequent tokens of continued regard; and I doubt not, to this day, he feels that that teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of his mind, has had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.

The love of Christ should constrain you to *live unto him*, and not merely to speak well of him.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

It was cause of no little surprise to find an article in your paper, on the subject of Western Missions, containing opinions so much at variance with those of others who have travelled in that region; and whose opportunities for obtaining information, and drawing correct inferences, must have been as favorable as those of 'a Layman!' The latter undoubtedly supposes himself to be in possession of facts which would go far to discourage farther missionary efforts on the part of our denomination. But unfortunately in this communication he gives opinions, speculations, advice,—but few or no facts. These are the material things in this case; and though he is 'apprehensive that we have not been so well informed upon the subject as we supposed,' it is very certain that we are not likely to be greatly benefitted in this respect by the 'tour to the western country' to which he so confidently refers. One fact, however, that he does state, is of great value—provided it is a fact. 'The fact is' such is the language of 'a Layman' 'that country is not in want of any more ministers than they now have, neither do I think they will suffer for such want for many years to come.' But what is the proof that the West 'is not in *want* of any more ministers?' Have they already churches and ministers enough for the whole population? Are they all church going people? Are there none there who are averse to the doctrines and preaching of other sects, and consequently will not attend their places of worship? Are there not many who are indifferent and sceptical, and need the efforts and attractions of a liberal ministry to meet their peculiar wants and restore their diseased minds? 'A Layman' brings no affirmative proof of all this. On the contrary the only other fact in his communication—seems to be one that is inconsistent with his previous statement. 'There is a general apathy with regard to religion throughout the whole west, from which even St. Paul cannot at present arouse them.' The first part of this sentence may be regarded as a fact—the latter is only an opinion, contradicted by the success of Clarke, Eliot, Hosmer and others. But if there is 'a general apathy in regard to religion throughout the whole west,' it would seem to be pretty evident, that there is a great want of more ministers and churches in that region. He further remarks 'they (the people) have other objects, other purposes, first to subverse; these (in their opinion?) are paramount to all others; these objects and purposes pervade the whole community. Many say they care nothing about the institutions of the west. They have come out to make money &c.' Assuming these remarks to be true, they confirm all that has been said by those who have visited this new country. They exhibit a lamentable state of things. The country is rapidly filling up with a dense population, while the interest of education, morals and religion are almost wholly neglected. Money is all, the institutions nothing. The former is paramount—the latter are of little or no moment. What must be the effect of such a state of things? Disastrous alike to themselves, and to the best interests of the country. What the effect of delay? To confirm their present baneful habits,—and render any remedy hereafter almost unavailing. He further remarks, 'the time will come, when the field will open to us, when the harvest will be ripe.' What harvest? Wheat or tares? As we sow so shall we reap. Every day that is permitted to pass away without something being done for the cause of Christianity, truth and sound knowledge, is so much time given to the enemy, who will take advantage of our supineness and sow the field with tares of error and sin.

I have now before me a letter from a keen observer 'of men and things in the west,' who writes as follows. 'This is truly a vast field for the Christian Philanthropist. No one having the spirit of Jesus in him—no one even who feels as a true patriot should—can travel over these extensive regions and see how cities spring up in a day as it were, and how fast the whole country is filling up with human beings, and not grieve that the inhabitants of the old states are not more alive to the importance of doing all in their power to aid these new settlements, in building up amongst them institutions, which will be the means of diffusing through the growing mass of the people, the principles and spirit of a pure religion and a sound morality.' In another letter, it is said, 'I think I may say confidently, not only that the money and labor heretofore expended by Unitarians at the East towards building up religious institutions in this section of this country, have produced all the results that could have been reasonably expected from them, but that our brethren of the old states ought to do a great deal more in future than they have done in former days. We have made a noble beginning &c.'

These only go to confirm the general facts heretofore collected by an extensive observation on the part of our General Secretary and other missionaries, but by almost every person who has travelled in that region of our common country. We have entered the field indeed at a late hour, but our harvest promises a full return. Let us not look back. We are able to raise not only funds enough for all necessary purposes at the East, but also for all that duty may call us to do in the great West. The former in fact is only increased by the means we use to increase the latter. The harvest must be gathered in while it is summer. If we wait for more auspicious seasons, when men shall have ceased to make money, other reapers will have gone before us, and ours will be only the scanty gleanings of the spiritually impoverished of society. ANOTHER LAYMAN.

For the Register and Observer.

MR. HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

Quincy, June 10, 1839.

Dear Sir,—My last was dated, I think, at Saint Louis. I preached for brother Eliot two Sundays; and by waiting a day or two longer, had the pleasure of seeing him—much refreshed by his jaunt to Cincinnati. After enjoying a visit of three or four days longer amongst the circle of friends of whom he is the centre, (being detained, not at all against my wishes, by the want of a boat) I finally took my departure for this place in the Rosalie, an excellent boat by the way, and very obliging captain and officers.

Mr Eliot is peculiarly happy in this respect—that a number of fine young men are found in his society, and indeed are the main dependence of it—several of whom belong to his Church. Oh! what a noble example. Some of these were so kind as to come down to the boat in the heat of the day, to take leave of me, just as we were casting off our halsers. I shall never forget such attentions!—It was now Friday noon; as it is considered a day and a half trip to Quincy, I was somewhat apprehensive that I should not reach the place of my destination the next day in season to give my friends time to prepare for a meeting on the Sabbath. Fortunately, however, the boat was a fast one, and we arrived there within about 24 hours from the time of setting out. Nothing could be more animated and beautiful than the river scene, as our gallant bark (after the usual preparatory puffing and heaving) began to ply her paddles, and yielded herself to the strong and turbid current of the Mississippi. Soon she was under great way, taking her majestic course through a whole fleet of watercraft of almost every description, from the canoe to the steamer. The Rosalie appeared to command universal admiration, so gallantly did she dash along against the adverse current; (for the river was then considerably swollen) and from the cabins and state-rooms of all the steamboats that lay along the shore, people rushed to the side next us, to see us skim so merrily by. There were women and men and children of every grade, nation and complexion, and arrayed in almost every style of dress, from the gayest down to the plainest. Soon, there came on a tremendous thunder storm. I thought I never in my life had seen it rain harder than it did then, for about half an hour—during which time I shut myself up in my state-room, with my lord Broughman for a companion. In about one hour from the time of clearing out, we were at the mouth of the Missouri; and it was curious to note the line of distinction between the muddy waters of that river,—*always* muddy—and the clearer, though rather dark and by no means pure, waters poured in from the north by the upper Mississippi and Illinois. Captain Littleton informed me, that, within the last thirty years, the Missouri had shifted its channel five miles further northward than it formerly flowed. It now debouches into the Mississippi at an angle so considerable, that it is not singular that those who first navigated the latter, supposed that it was the principal river, and the Missouri its tributary. But although the waters of *this* are so turbid as to deposit a copious sediment at the bottom of a tumbler of it within a few minutes, it is generally admitted that, for table use, they are more wholesome as well as more palatable than the water of the upper Mississippi. In fact, the hands on board of boats that ply between St. Louis and Galena, are in the habit of carrying water from below, for their own use, although the majority of passengers prefer the clearer water above the junction of these rivers. Clearer, indeed, but probably not so wholesome, nor generally so agreeable to the taste. It may seem queer that people can so soon become so fond of this muddy lymph, as actually to prefer it to any water in the world. I confess it is to me still a mystery. Capt. L., however, says that the water of the upper Mississippi, when closely examined by means of the microscope, is found to be entirely pervaded by vegetable matter in various stages of decomposition, held in suspension, and diffused throughout the mass, in a state of impalpable tenuity. I have as yet had no means of *testing* the correctness of this statement; but it seems probable. Certain it is, that the most healthy and robust who come to live upon the banks of the upper Mississippi, and habitually make use of its water for drink, finally get fever and ague. So, it is said, they do, along the shores of the Missouri.

In about an hour and a half from the time of starting, we came to for a few minutes at Alton, many of whose buildings, both churches and dwelling houses, whether of brick or stone, make a fine appearance from the river. The bluffs for a mile or two above Alton, on the same side of the river, are remarkably bold and handsome. About sundown, we passed Grafton, a small village of a rather neat aspect at the mouth of the Illinois. The river was at this time so high that the steersman was not obliged to follow the channel very closely, but was able frequently to cut across circuitous reaches, which tended of course considerably to expedite our voyage; sometimes we ploughed the noble river at its greatest depth and width;—sometimes we swept gracefully along the verdant margin, so near in upon the shore that the drooping willows brushed our vessel's side. Pleasant, however, as the navigation of these western rivers is for a time, there is so little variety in the scenery that it soon tires. Now and then, it is true, a bold bluff approaches so near the river as to interest the voyager, or an island occurs to break the monotony of the river's broad surface and the densely wooded bottom that is contiguous, or you make a hurried stop at some spruce, thrifty little village—but, the greater part of the way, the placid sheet of water before and behind you, the waving line of the shore on either hand, and the horizontal outline of the tree-tops that almost every where shut in your prospect, tell the whole story of the scenery along these rivers.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 24, 1839.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

We were present at the meeting, in the Marlborough chapel, on Wednesday evening of last week, and were much pleased and gratified. Mr Scoble, who has examined the results of Emancipation in these islands, is a gentleman of agreeable manners and much intelligence. Whether he satisfied all present we cannot tell. Perhaps he gave evidence of being a little too warm a partisan. But that all left with pleasing and respectful impressions in regard to him personally, we are confident. His answers were prompt and pertinent. He did not appear disposed to shun any part of bearing of the subject. He discovered the most calm and profound assurance, and imparted some degree of the sentiment to his hearers. He did not give out vague generalities, but dealt largely in figures and facts. According to his statements and statistics, the amount of labor performed is as great as it ever was. Fewer crimes are committed than formerly. The blacks have shown a constant disposition to give no offence to their former masters, and to conform to their new circumstances, in a manner most useful to themselves and agreeable to others. Peace, order, and prosperity, every where prevail. The accounts, we sometimes see to the contrary, proceed from a class of persons, attorneys, overseers and others, who found better employments and greater profits under the old system. Most anxiously do we hope the experiment may succeed. On its result depend in all probability, the fortunes and condition of the negro race, for centuries. Let it fail, and emancipation in our country, for the present, becomes the wildest of dreams. It will fasten the chains on every slave with tenfold tenacity. It will give the slaveholder and the advocates of slavery a palpable advantage which no reasonings will be able to remove. Let it succeed, and slavery here must fall. It could not stand in the face of such a fact. Its force would be irrepressible and irresistible. The *prowess* and passions of the south would quail before its majestic demonstration. And its conscience and justice would be aroused into vehement and determined activity. It would do more to remove from our land the disgrace and the curse of slavery, than hosts of declaimers and countless associations. And we should not be surprised if occasional disasters and discomfitures befal the progress of the experiment.

Indeed we should be surprised if it should not be so. It would be the most singular event recorded in history, if many hundred thousands of human beings, who had been accustomed to move only under the control and authority of an absolute master, were suddenly raised to the condition and enjoyment of freedom, unstained by the commission of any unworthy acts, or the exhibition of violent passions. The change is vast. Much time must elapse before they will feel easy and natural in their altered circumstances. The cup of freedom may at first intoxicate a little. Feeling so light and elastic, after the removal of the weight, they have so long borne, they may jump and skip in a manner offensive to our sobriety. We must expect some fermentation after the infusion of so new and so powerful leaven. It would be strange in the extreme if it should not be so. But when such things shall occur let them not move us. Let us not bate a jot of heart and hope. No strange thing will have happened. Why should we demand more of the blacks than of our own race? And where has freedom established her reign without turmoil, conflict, outbreaks and bloodshed? Let the plains of Greece and the streets of Rome bear witness. Contemplate the horrid scenes of the French Revolution! And wise men tell us the blood of France was profitably shed. Were there no violence and lawlessness manifested after the achievement of our independence? We have no doubt some calamities await the free progress of the blacks in the British islands. But they will not disturb us.

Absence prevented us from attending Mr Scoble's lecture on Sunday evening. But we are informed it was very satisfactory. Every thing is doing that can be desired, to instruct the negroes. Sunday schools and day schools are rapidly increasing and are well filled. There is a pervading and intense desire to acquire knowledge. Parents are extremely anxious to give their children good educations. It is a privilege and a dignity they are well capable of appreciating. May God inspire with all needed prudence and wisdom, the hearts and minds of those who are devoted to the accomplishment of this most glorious work.

THE MORAL POWER OF CHRIST'S CHARACTER.

Character is the chief source of moral power. It has done most that has been done to improve and elevate man. From it has proceeded the energy, that has redeemed and advanced society to a freer, higher and happier condition. It has not been done by knowledge, literature, associations, universities, institutions and governments. It has not been done by poets, warriors, legislators and philosophers. These can do something to refine and enlighten the intellect, to soften the manners, to improve the physical circumstances of society. But they can do little to quicken, enrich, exalt its soul, to purify, elevate, develope our moral affections and energies. This can be effected only by the action and influence of character, the divinest portion and acquisitions of our nature—living, beautiful, penetrating, powerful virtue, God manifest in the flesh. It enters, pervades the soul, touches its deepest springs, inflames its noblest desires and excites its loftiest aspirations. It breathes into the spirit the breath of life, inspires it with undying might and girds it with celestial armor. Intellectual, social political progress may be effected by other means. Every thing begets its kind. It is only the action of the soul that can awaken and arouse the soul. True salvation must come from its depths. The might of virtue never dies. It rears a throne in the bosom of humanity and reigns there forever. The sceptre of righteousness is everlasting. Principalities and dynasties pass away. Monuments crumble into dust. The theories and systems of the proudest minds disappear. But one jot of virtue's power perishes never. It is immortal. It will be felt by the last man that treads this green earth and looks on these glowing skies. It mingles with the pure and beneficent tide that flows from God. It becomes a portion of the eternal empire of the universe. It is character that gives power to deeds. The same acts, when performed by different characters, affect us very differently. The execution of a criminal only shocks and disgusts. The death of a martyr gives new life to the world. The influence of Marathon has not lessened. Waterloo has little to lose. The earth is covered over with places, from whence issue perennial streams of holy power. There the pure in heart, the inflexible in principle, the sublime in purpose suffered, struggled and died. The lands once trodden by prophets and apostles, became ever after holy. The character of Washington has more benefitted our nation than all the talents, genius and science that ever has or ever will appear in it. The ancients made great progress in the arts. But their moral progress was feeble and slow. They were deficient in the higher forms of spiritual developement. *The sun* of righteousness had not risen on them. The all pervading energy of a superhuman character, was not working among them and within them. They had not seen God. They had not looked, enraptured, on the moral splendors of his being. They had seen his power, magnificence and glory in the earth and heavens. And their taste, intellect, and imagination were excited and cultivated. But they had not seen the ineffable excellence, beauty, and riches of his moral attributes. Their thirst after righteousness had not therefore been aroused. The most thrilling appeals had not been made to their holier desires, sensibilities and sentiments. They had not viewed the highest forms of goodness and greatness. The superior characters that have appeared in the world are, and from the nature of the case must be the sources of its salvation. A truly good man is heaven's best gift. Christianity, without the character of Jesus, its precepts, promises, revelations, would be powerless, mere moonshine—a soulless body, a sunless system. His character combines all those qualities requisite to the production and exercise of the highest moral power. Character becomes powerful in proportion as it gathers into itself apparently opposite and conflicting qualities, meekness, and strength, humility and greatness, tenderness and firmness, beauty and grandeur, simplicity and dignity, clearness of mind and profoundest emotions, enthusiasm. It is needless to say our Savior's character combines all these qualites and in the highest degree. His dignity is divine. He appears a bright and sublime portion of the universe, at one with the mightiest displays of God's power and our loftiest conceptions of his attributes. We associate him with all that is grandest in creation—with its mountains, oceans, suns and skies. We are impressed, that he thinks, feels and dwells in a region far, far above the sphere of our cold, feeble, poor being. His thoughts, hopes, purposes, sympathies, affections are so vast as almost to overwhelm us. His soul moves on an axis, that rests in the bosom of the everlasting Father. While contemplating him, we are confident we behold God. The impression is that of the infinite.—His simplicity is that of a child. We are certain there is no guile in him. His character is perfectly intelligible. It is transparent. We see through it. We feel a perfect assurance there is no deception. We know from what causes are derived the throbbings of that mighty heart. We gaze directly and reverently on the springs of his activity. Then there is a beauty, and loveliness about him that reminds us of all things most beautiful and lovely in existence, the lilies of the field, the rosy-fingered morn, the stars of evening, or the moon as she walks in her brightness. His character is endued with a superhuman energy. Those near him frequently fear and tremble. And as soon as he begins his work we are conscious a new kingdom has arisen in the world. Priests and princes sink into nothing before him. Soldiers fall prostrate in his presence. And there is a vigor, a decision, a might and majesty in all he does and says which repels every thought of weakness in relation to him. Then he is as gentle as the whispers of love, as the blandest breeze, as the flowing of the still waters. His influence descends in silence. We cannot bring near him the idea of violence. His spirit is throned in tranquillity. He comes over the mind like a serene, smiling heavens. His firmness was immoveable. Contempt, persecution, desertion, torture, the cross, a world arrayed in opposition could not move him. Onward he went, the malice of man raging about him, the terrors of a most cruel death ever before him, to the accomplishment of his mission. And his tenderness was that of a mother for her suffering, erring children. His bosom was ever full of the softest emotions. He wept much, as he loved much. The most hardened were melted in his presence.

We have given only hints. We may resume the subject. Its developements, i. e. the elements of the moral power of Christ's character would require much thought and space. We give below the passage from Ullmann we mentioned two weeks since.

Not theory, but life, produces life. The noblest christian characters have not been formed by the rules of the Gospel, so much as by receiving into themselves the life of Christ, as it is portrayed in historical reality, and in fulness of spiritual power; so much as by living in Christ, becoming like him, having him, as the apostle says, formed within them. This is the essential thing, that Jesus not only taught, but also exhibited a truly God-like character, and from this central point of his spiritual nature, which was perfect as a pattern, and yet historically real, from this representation of divinity in uncorrupted humanity, there streams forth on all sides power and life; a fresh spiritual motion extends itself over our race, in ever widening circles. If we take away this fountain, the perfect holiness and uncontaminated purity of the life of Jesus, then the moral influence of his religion become perfectly inexplicable to us; there would be an extraordinary effect without a sufficient cause; actually new life sprung from a bare semblance of life; the noblest truth originating from a fancy; the historical establishment of Christianity would be unaccountable, and the whole noble structure would rest on a hollow base. As these things cannot be rationally admitted, so that central point, the perfect purity and holiness of Christ's character, must be considered as an historical reality, as true and undeniable. Thus the existence of the christian church, together with the good which is done in it and by it, testifies for the holiness of its founder.

This we can the more positively assert, because the moral influence of Christianity still extends to us, and because our own inward experience springs from that energetic power, which works at the very heart of the christian system, and which consists in the character of the Messiah. Indeed essentially the same influences, which were exerted eighteen hundred years ago, are still exerted upon us by the spirit and the life of Jesus; and they must be exerted, for otherwise there would be no oneness in the nature of Christianity, no inward coherence in the company of Christians, and the agency of Jesus would have no truly universal characteristics. Redemption cannot have been a different thing with the apostles, from what it is with us; the redeeming power must therefore be ever the same in its influence. It was not the bare teaching, nor the bare death of Jesus, but in inseparable connection with both, his redeeming, that is, his spiritually emancipating life, which was efficacious in the days of the apostles. We must therefore conclude that the simple and artless scriptural exhibition of this life, from which the spirit of Christ breathes upon us, will exert the same influence upon our minds, which the personal observation of it exorted upon his disciples and their contemporaries. We of course include under the life of Jesus, the circumstances of his death, in the significancy which is assigned to that death by Jesus himself and the apostles, as the close of his redeeming life, and as absolutely essential for completing the work of redemption. The mode in which that life operates upon us is the same now as it was at first; it is essentially the following. By a trustful meditation upon the whole character of Jesus, and by applying it to our own moral and religious nature, we are in the first place, brought to a knowledge of our great distance from Christ, and to a severe condemnation of our moral state. In the next place, we are lifted up above the feeling of our sins and deficiencies; freed from the painful consciousness of guilt, which separates us from God, the Holy One; brought into a most intimate connection with an all-loving Father; and filled with new strength for a better life, by the consciousness of a pure, divinely imparted freedom, of a serene peace within our own hearts. This power, which can emancipate our wills, which can elevate and compose, which in fine can redeem, is possessed by no object; by no word, no doctrine, no idea, no moral exhibition, even of the most noble and excellent kind; but only by the life and works of Jesus, considered as a whole. Depending however on the development of Christ's character, and attested by the experience of every Christian, the power is necessarily derived and inseparable from the unspotted holiness of the Messiah's conduct. None but a nature which stands before us in full purity, can exercise over us this spiritual influence; none but he, in whom the truth itself, which emancipates the soul, has at the same time been exhibited as perfect virtue, and has triumphed spiritually over all opposition, can make us thoroughly free; only one, elevated above us, and above sin, can elevate us above ourselves and above sin; only by the most intimate communion of our souls with a holy being, can the power of holiness live and constantly strengthen within us, and the power of sin be forever extirpated from our natures. But if we think of Jesus as not morally pure, all these effects cease; no longer as a Redeemer from sin does he satisfy our cravings; he becomes only a teacher and prophet to us; and that the longing of our souls may be appeased, we must wait for another, who may at last exhibit to us a life, fully pure, truly pleasing to God and conformed in all respects to the divine will. But such a longing desire cannot be felt by one, who has actually known Jesus; he finds himself really emancipated, renewed, fully comforted by the Saviour; he possesses in Jesus everything which can supply his spiritual wants. His belief, then, in the unspotted holiness of Christ must involve a strong assurance; for without this sinlessness Christ could have no power to redeem. As certainly as he is our Redeemer, so certainly must he be free from all transgression.

SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.

We have received a communication from Providence, on this subject, in which the writer refers to something that occurred before we occupied our present situation. We therefore do not understand him. So much of the communication is taken up with the expression of personal feeling, we can insert but a portion of it. We hope he will change the resolution with which he closes. We shall be glad to hear from him frequently. Our correspondent objects to raising the salary by assessments on the pews. The distribution is unequal. It drives the poor from our churches. His objections have much force. The system undoubtedly is attended with serious difficulties. The difference in the amount assessed on the different pews is not the difference there is in the pecuniary means of those who own or hire them. A man in very moderate circumstances is obliged to pay nearly as much as his very wealthy neighbor. And the poor are absolutely unable to meet the expenses imposed by the system. This state of things is not well. It operates constantly and powerfully in favor of those sects which pursue a course better adapted to the feelings and abilities of a large portion of our people. We know of no good reason why men should not pay according to their property. Public worship is a social institution. It helps to preserve that state of society in which property is most secure and valuable. They can in no way, so cheaply insure the inviolate possession and enjoyment of their riches as by contributing largely to promote the religious instruction and moral improvement of the community. But whether a different mode would not be attended with more difficulties, we cannot tell. Those who have the management of these matters can better determine.

The following passage is from the communication.

'He cannot be a Christian who is not willing to expend every farthing in the cause of Christ and religion, and he who can patiently see his pastor in need of those things which he has it in his power to supply and not raise a hand for his relief, who would not wish to see him surrounded with every blessing which earth can afford, is not worthy of this appellation. But, if there is one thing that I desire more than another, it is that I may live to see our churches so easy of access, that every Sabbath may witness them filled and crowded to overflowing. and could I be the happy instrument of bringing this about, I should feel myself the happiest of human beings, but this I cannot expect, and therefore must not hope for. My limited knowledge and experience, as well as other circumstances prevent me from taking an active part in this matter, and therefore you have nothing to fear from my feeble efforts, especially as it is probable I shall never trouble you again.' A.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I observe that the Boston Quarterly Review calls Miss Martineau's new book—*Deerbrook*—'one of the stupidest in the language.' I trust the readers of the Review will have too much of that independence in which the Editor so glories, to take even *his* dictum for gospel, but will read for themselves. And if another person is found, who will pass the same rude and wholesale condemnation on the book, I shall be even more surprised, than I was to find BULWER commended in the same number of the Review as a writer of good moral influence! The two opinions may well keep company. It is the opinion of a portion of the reading community, that not many recent novels have been made, more agreeable or useful than Deerbrook. It is not a work of great power, but it is a work of great interest and excellence—skilful delineation of character, and a pleasant communication of some of the best lessons and highest truths for the intercourse of common life. And where are such lessons and truths needed more? What is his sympathy with the common mind, who does not value, and will not welcome them from any source? H.

PREACHING.

The following sensible remarks on this subject are found in the introduction to selections from German Literature. Preaching may undoubtedly be studied as an art. It is in fact the sublimest of arts, so to arrange our thoughts and sentiments on the most important matters as to produce deep and lasting results in the souls of others. Talents of the highest order may be wholly inefficient through want of skill in direction and adaptation. But the sole aim of art and rules should be to give nature free activity and more perfect expression. Art without real, inward power, is the most offensive kind of impotence. All the frost in the cold heavens, cannot chill so thoroughly as such displays. It is the sounding of brass and the tinkling of cymbals. A great portion of what is called rhetoric and eloquence is utterly out of place in the pulpit. For Christian ministers to imitate the arts and hypocricies, by means of which, ancient declaimers aroused the passions of brutal multitudes, does not strike us as indicating a very refined taste in these matters. To preach is not to excite the imagination, the passions and the grosser sympathies. It is to touch and awaken the profoundest wants and affections of our nature, the thirst after righteousness, humility, penitence, confidence, reverence. It is to move the soul in relation to those things which are most pure, excellent, divine, vast and glorious. It is easy enough to produce superficial effects. But to awaken and pervade the loftiest desires, consciousnesses and sentiments of *immortal* man, is the highest work to be done on earth. Moral eloquence is the intense activity of the divinest portion of our nature. It is the action of all there is tender and disinterested, holy and everlasting within us. It is noble, sublime, Godlike action. What we need is living souls, reality, power. It is honesty, interest, earnestness. It is a higher, deeper, finer culture of our whole spiritual nature. It is simplicity, sympathy, magnanimity. It is moral life, energy and greatness. We must be alive unto God and our brethren. We must mingle freely with their spirits. We must embrace them till they feel the beatings of our quick, confident, disenthralled hearts.

'In the third place, we think that Dr. Tholuck's sermons will suggest some important queries in relation to the style of preaching prevalent in our own land. His excellences are those in which we are most deficient, and many of his faults are but his beauties carried too far. It may be well for us to compare our style of preaching with his, and see the different results which flow from our different intellectual training. We shall doubtless find much that is flattering to us; but let us not be reluctant to acknowledge our imperfections. The preaching of New England is perhaps, all things considered, superior to that of any other country. But we should not be the wise men we pretend to be, could we derive no benefit from a comparison of our homiletics with that of men whose intellect has been more severely tasked than ours, and who have let their imagination go more free.

It may be worth an inquiry, whether there is not sometimes a want of just proportion in our exercises of the sanctuary. Is there not a prevalent idea that *edification* embraces nothing but *intellectual* improvement? Is there not a tendency to let argument feed on worship? to abridge the singing and the prayer, so as to accommodate a lengthened discussion? to make the sermon too much of an absorbent, and to give logic the sceptre in the house of devotion? The sermons of Tholuck err on the side of brevity; do not ours sometimes err on the side of length and monopoly? His error is greater than ours, as deficiency is always worse than redundancy; we should be sorry to exchange our 'metaphysics' for his want of it; still should not the smaller error be corrected? and if there be a desire to deliver 'great sermons,' should they be allowed to become great by swallowing up the exercises which are more distinctively devotional?

Again, are not our preachers too often fettered by professional rules? Do they give their mind free play? Do they not lose their personal identity, merge themselves into one standard character; no one being a man really, but every one an impersonation of the rules; every one standing, writing, speaking *just so* on penalty of being 'rather a singular man for a preacher.' How little of *home* in the pulpit; of a real, natural breathing, and *living* there! How much of the realist's idea of man; every body in general, nobody in particular. Have not rules come to be our masters, instead of being our servants? It is useful to have rules; but let them be incorporated into the life, and not remain as 'dried preparations.' It is well and best, that the preacher be as one 'set apart' in the pulpit; but why need he cease to speak like a fellow being, of like sympathies with his hearers; and why cease to be himself? It may be that Tholuck carries his humanity, and his freedom from rule too far; 'his specific difference' is sometimes too apparent; but his license is no excuse for our thraldom; and we may perhaps learn from him, as well as others like him, how goodly it is for one who has the preacher's high office, to manifest a kindred feeling with his race; to show that he is a husband, and father, and brother, notwithstanding his dignity, and that a warm heart beats under the sacred gown.

Still further, is there not too great fondness, in many of our preachers, for the abstract forms of statement? Is not the pronoun 'it' introduced, when you or he would be more tangible, and expressive. While we estimate above all price our doctrinal instructions, may they not be communicated to the popular mind with more clearness, and even with more fulness, if we will clothe them in words which if less classical and refined, are more congenial with popular usage. It is a favorite strain of remark with Tholuck, that the sermon should 'spring from the congregation;' that it should be 'the product of his mother-wit,' rather than of his dialectics; that 'truth will often abide in the highest garret of the hearer's mind, without entering into the dwelling-room of the affections;' that 'there is a way from the heart to the head, as well as a way from the head to the heart;' and that, though in the physical kingdom the light goes faster than the sound, yet in the spiritual, the feeling is often excited, before any direct appeal is made to the intellect. 'William Humboldt,' he says in his charactetistic way, 'styled eloquence the attaching of a composition to the life of the people.' How much fresher would our discourses be, if we knew how to knit them properly with that which is before the eyes of all, and in the thoughts of all. Who has not already remarked, how often the eyes of the congregation, which had been moving to and fro, from right to left, would begin to direct themselves in a straight line to the pulpit, and how still all would become, as soon as the discourse passed from generals to particulars; to such matters of fact as were commonly known? The preacher then should illustrate his theme in such a style as the sound, unvitiated community employ; that is, the concrete.—When, for example, Luther wishes to show what the words in Matt. 5: 21 seq. mean, and to prove that even the feeling, which may lead to the death-blow, is ground of condemnation, what compressed power is in his style! What accommodation to the people, in contemplating so high a sentiment! 'Thinkest thou' he asks, 'that Christ speaks only of the fist, when he says thou shalt not kill? What is the meaning of *thou*? Not barely thy hand or thy foot, thy tongue or any other single member of thy body; but all that thou art, in body and in soul. Just so, if I say to any one, thou shalt not do this, I mean, not with the fist, but with the whole person.'

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Died, in Waltham, Aug. 19, Roxanna Augusta Emerson, daughter of Mr Samuel P. Emerson, aged 10 years.

Be silent! God's own hand hath touched us now!
His own right arm hath sped the arrow's flight,
True and unerring to its destined mark;
Not in the whirlwind's roar, the thunder's peal,
Not in the torrent's swell, the lightning's flash,
But in the still and voiceless calm of death.
And, did he come to set a spirit free,
That faint and weary with the weight of years,
Would fain take angel's wings and fly away?
Or was it manhood, stamped with lofty thought,
Or youth with glowing hopes and sunny smiles,
Called thus, to bid adieu to dreams of joy?
No! these are left, their task is yet undone;
While a sweet sinless child, unstained and pure,
Yet in the bud of life's unfolding flower,
Ere yet one cloud has dimmed its radiant path,
Or blighted hope has bowed its spirit down,
Has plumed its pinions for its Heavenly home.
And shall we say, mysterious, dark and dread!
Shall frail and erring man, throw doubt and gloom,
Around the brightest of the Saviour's words,
'Of such my kingdom is?'
It cannot be!
Grief cannot veil the gems of holy truth,
That shine with brightness on its living page.
Will a fond parent murmur or repine?
No! but humanity will wake and swell,
And God alone the spirit can subdue.
Oh, there are hours of bitterness and woe!
Hours, when 'tis hard to say 'thy will be done.'
Moments when every cord seems rudely snapt,
And the o'erburdened heart prepares to break.
But, in the distance, gleams a sunlight ray;
'Till faith triumphant o'er his woe exclaims,
'Earth has one angel less, Heaven has one more.'
Transient as is the fading floweret's bloom,
And pure, as the soft balmy breath of spring,
Was the loved form, that now is cold in death.
But she has gone, where storms can never come,
And lives but in her heavenly Father's smile.
An angel Mother has received her home,
To that fond bosom that was once her rest,
And seraphs, with their songs of love and praise,
Rejoice, and bid her spirit welcome there.
She's past away on summer's rosy breath,
Gone to her slumber on a flowery bed,
While yet earth's drapery, glows bright and fair,
But winter's blast, and softly vernal gales,
And summer's showers, must oft and oft return,
Ere she will fade from memory's sacred shrine.
That infant mourner, clad in sable robes,
Pouring affection's gushing tribute forth
On the sweet playmate of her joyous hours,
Oh she will bend beneath the fatal blow,
Like the frail plant, 'neath autumn's chilling breath,
But, there is one, who tempers the rude winds
To the shorn, stricken lamb, and though in vain
She wake and watch, from morn till eve's return,
To greet a sister's love, a sister's smile,
And though she tread the path of life, unblest
By the bright beams, that cheered her early hours,
Yet when the cord shall part, that binds her here,
Then shall the long departed be restored,
And joys eternal be the bright reward.

Waltham L. B. T.

Death of Rev. Dr Bancroft. The National Ægis of Wednesday, announces the death of this venerable clergyman, which happened on Monday evening at his residence in Worcester. Dr Bancroft was the senior pastor of the Unitarian Church in that place. His age was 84. The Ægis remarks—

Thus, at last, after a course of suffering, more severe and longer protracted, than usually results from the struggles of dissolving nature, at an age so far advanced, this eminent Divine and devoted Minister has descended to the tomb. It has been the fortune of but few men to have lived so long, and through times so momentous; to have participated actively in so many events, affecting the interests of religion, of our country, and of the world; to have passed through more than half a century of peculiar trials, personal and public, and to have closed his days with a character so spotless; so entirely free from the slightest imputation of any thing unbecoming a man, a patriot, and a Christian. He was born at Reading, Mass., Nov. 10, 1755; graduated at Harvard University in 1778 and entered upon the active duties of life at the time when his country was in the midst of that fearful conflict in defence of her rights, which ultimately established her independence; a time when the cause of civil liberty demanded all the talents and energies of her sons. The profession which Dr Bancroft had selected as furnishing the most appropriate field for usefulness—did not admit of his engaging in the dangers of the camp; but he espoused her cause with zeal and maintained it with resolution. In 1786, he became the pastor of that society, whose minister he was at the time of his death. In this situation, his trials, for many years, were peculiarly severe. None but a man of distinguished intellectual powers, of resolute feelings, of perfect self-command, and persevering activity, could have sustained them. But his success was complete;—his labors are ended, and he has gone to rest. It remains, that some one, well acquainted with his worth, should attempt to do justice to his character.

INTELLIGENCE.

Waterville College.—The Commencement at this Institution was held on the 14th inst. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on eighteen young gentlemen.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred, in course, on Jonathan G. Dickerson, Ozias Millett, Moses M. Smart, and William E. Wording.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Roscoe G. Greene, Esq., of Portland.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Hon. Timothy Boutelle of Waterville, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Leonard Woods, Jun. President elect of Bowdoin College.

Rev. Asa Drury, late of Cincinnati College, Ohio, was elected Professor of Languages, in place of Professor Barnes, who resigned at the late Commencement.—*Portland Adv.*

The New-England Editors and Publishers.—The publisher of the Boston Almanac proposes to furnish for that publication, for 1840, a complete list of all newspapers, magazines, etc. printed and published in New-England. In order to get the desired information, he requests the Editors or Publishers to send him one number of each of their respective publications, for which he will send them in return (when published) a copy of the Boston Almanac, for 1840.

Will Editors in the New-England States please give this an insertion, and send a copy of their publications to S. N. Dickinson, 52 Washington street, Boston?

Horrid Massacre—two hundred and twenty Indians killed.—We learn from Governor Lucas and another gentleman, who came passengers in the Ione last evening, that two hundred and twenty Indians were killed in the upper country about the 1st inst. The facts as they were related by a young gentleman who was at the treaty are as follows: the Sioux had invited the Chippewas to meet them at St. Peters for the purpose of making a treaty of everlasting friendship. The Chippewas assembled accordingly—the pipe of peace was smoked—and they apparently good friends A large party of the Chippewas was encamped at the Falls of St. Anthony and a smaller party encamped on the St. Croix on their way home without the least suspicion of treachery on the part of the Sioux. While they were thus peaceably encamped, they were surprised by the Sioux, who commenced their butchery. They immediately rallied, but before the battle terminated, the Chippewas lost 150 at the Falls and 20 on the St. Croix. The number of Sioux killed on the occasion amounted to about 50. We do not much wonder at the hostility that has been exhibited by the Sauks and Foxes against the Sioux, if this latter tribe has always been as treacherous as they were on the above occasion.—[*Burlington (Iowa)* Patriot, July 25.

Immigrants.—We have succeeded in making up a complete statement of the number of passengers who have arrived at this port from foreign countries in each of the last 20 years. It is here subjoined.

Years.	Passengers.	
1819	9442	
1820	4430	
1821	4452	
1822	4811	
1823	4999	
1824	5452	
1825	8779	
1826	9764	
1827	22,000	
1828	19,023	
	93,152,	first ten years.
1829	16,064	
1830	30,224	
1831	31,739	
1832	48,589	
1833	51,752	
1834	48,110	
1835	35,303	
1836	60,441	
1837	54,975	
1838	25,681	
	392,878	2nd ten years.
In 20 years,	486,030	passengers.

Hence it appears that the whole number of passengers, of all nations, who have arrived at this port in the last ten years, is only 392,878; and only 486,030 in the last 20 years. Whether Americans, returning from foreign countries, are included in these returns, or not, we are unable to say.

It is a large allowance to concede to all the other seaports an aggregate of passengers from foreign countries equal to the number who arrive at the port of New York. A good many arrive at New Orleans,—possibly half as many as here.—the other half are distributed between Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Charleston, Mobile, &c. In point of numbers, Baltimore undoubtedly stands next to New Orleans. The number of passengers who arrive at Baltimore from 1st of May to 1st of November (embracing the principal period for passengers,) in each of the last twelve years:

Years.	Foreign.	Citizens.	Total.
1827	1,477	318	1,795
1828	1,741	741	2,251
1829	2,074	470	2,544
1830	4,084	519	4,683
1831	4,381	661	5,042
1832	11,414	532	11,946
1833	8,339	344	8,683
1834	7,468	494	7,957
1835	3,843	342	4,158
1836	5,268	334	5,602
1837	5,941	634	6,575
1838	4,909	598	5,507
12 years,	60,934	5,756	66,690

Average of foreign passengers per. year, for last twelve years, 5,079. If the whole year w included, it might swell the annual number to 7,0 The average annual number at New York dur the same period, as has been seen above, is less t 40,000. Add 20,000 for New Orleans and 13, for other ports, and we have a total per annum, the last ten years, of 80,000; making in the w period, 800,000. This we believe to be the number of passengers who have arrived in this co try by sea during the last ten years. If we go b 20 years (reckoning the number at New York one half of the whole,) we are still short of a million.

Of these we calculate that about one-half were Irish. About one-third may have been Germans. At the outside, not half a million Germans have arrived in this country within the last twenty years. Within the last ten years, not four hundred thousand have arrived.—*J. of Com.*

PENSACOLA, August 8.

Naval.—The U. S. ship Levant arrived here yesterday from a cruise to windward; officers and crew all well.

The U. S. ship Vandalia arrived here this morning from a cruise of more than fifty days along the coasts of Texas and Louisiana, without going into a single port, the object of her cruise being the suppression of the slave trade. We learn that Captain Levy, finding, the soundings of the coasts inaccurately laid down, for his own satisfaction has ascertained, by a careful examination, a true line of soundings, which would be of immense benefit to vessels trading as far down as Galveston.

Traders from the Far North.—Four men arrived at Galena a few days ago, says the Gazette, from Selkirk's Settlement, seven hundred and fifty miles North west of St. Peters. They are intelligent half-breeds, and came on a trading expedition. They brought with them large quantities of dressed deer-skins, worked moccasins, buffalo robes, dried buffalo meat, &c., besides a large number of beef cattle. The most of the latter were sold at St. Peters and Prairie du Chien, the remainder are expected to be here in a few days.—[*St Louis Republican*]

Oregon Mission.—The following statement is from the Missionary Herald for July:

The reinforcement, consisting of Messrs. Eells, Smith and Walker, with their wives, and Mrs. Gray, (Mr. Gray having previously been connected with the mission, arrived at Wallawalla on the 29th of August, having left the western frontier of the State of Missouri on the 22d of April, and spent four months and seven days in traversing the intervening wilderness. The health of the whole company was good, and had been improved by the journey. At a meeting of the mission, it was decided that Mr. Smith should occupy the station with Dr. Whitman, among the Cayuses, near Wallawalla, Mr. Gray join Mr. Spalding among the Nez Perces, while Messrs. Eells and Walker should commence a new station near Colville, one of the posts of the Hudson Bay Company, on Clark's river the northern branch of the Columbia, and about 300 miles from Wallawalla.

The desire of the Indians for instruction, and their kind and docile disposition, remained the same, and the prospect of success in the missionary work, seemed to be as fair as heretofore represented. On the 2d of September, Mr. Gray states that their school for the Nez Perces was to open the next day with 100 children, and as many more adults.

Dr. Whitman states, on the 30th of October, that the season had been highly favourably for vegetation, and that the mission families had raised an abundance of the most necessary articles of food for themselves and the families of the reinforcement. Many Indian families had also good crops, at least sufficient to teach them how much more comfortably they might live, with a moderate amount of labour by tilling the earth, than by following the hunters life. Much greater numbers were expecting to prepare and plant fields the next spring.

Messrs. Eells and Walker, having selected a site for their station near Colville, and partly prepared houses for themselves, returned to spend the winter with Dr. Whitman.

One Indian and his wife had been baptized and received to the church.

Late and important from Europe.—The Steamship Liverpool arrived at New York, on Saturday morning last, and has brought very important news.

England.—The English news is not very important. Some serious riots had occurred at Birmingham. We are told that the 'mob law prevailed there for two or three days, until the dragoons were put on guard, and a strong military force was employed to protect lives and property.'

The administration proposed to move in Parliament a additional estimate for an addition of 61 men to ch regiment of infantry, making an entire addition to the strength of the army of 5000 men, at an annual charge of $75,000.

Lady Frazier Stanhope, who has long resided in Syria, died on the 23d of June, at Dijaun, after a long illness, at the age of 64. Admiral Sir Isac Coffin died at Cheltenham July 23.

Money matters were much the same. A loan of 5,000,000 francs is said to have been contracted for the Bank of England, with the Bank of France, through the Paris Bankers.

The price of cotton at Liverpool is said to be more favorable. The latest English dates are August 1st.

Wesleyan Conference.—The conference of this great body commenced its session on Wednesday morning, July 31, at 6 o'clock. Upwards of five hundred preachers were present. The Rev Theophilus Lessey was chosen President, and the Rev Robt. Newton, Secretary. The subscriptions to the Centenary Fund amount to £215,000, (equal, with the current exchange, to $1,044,900.) Of this sum, £28,960 have been paid to the Treasurers.

Turkey.—The news from the East is very important. A condensed statement of it is thus given in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

The news from the east is important. The Grand Sultan of Turkey, Mahmoud, died on the 1st of July, in the 56th year of his age, and the 31st of his reign. He is succeeded by his son, Abdul Medjid, who is at seventeen years of age. He entered peaceably upon the government, and his Ministers consist chiefly of those who formed his father's government. It is stated that two days before the death of Mahmoud, he countermanded the orders for the commencement of hostilities by the army in Syria, but it was too late. A battle was fought on the 24th of June, at Nezib, in Syria, near Bir, between the Seraskier, Hafiz Pacha, and Ibrahim Pacha, in which the former was totally defeated, with the loss of 6000 men killed, and many taken prisoners. He retreated with the wreck of his army across the Euphrates. It is said that the Turkish force amounted to 70,000 men, and the Egyptain to 80,000. The news of the Sultan's death was received at Alexandria, July 8. On the day following, a corvette arrived there from the Turkish fleet, having on board an officer of the Captain Pacha, Ahmed, with a proposal from him to the Viceroy of Egypt, to place the Turkish fleet under his protection. The result of this act of treachery is not yet known. The movement of Ahmed Pacha is but very imperfectly explained. He left the Dardanelles, in violation of his orders, after the Sultan's death. On the 30th, the messenger of the young Sultan, announcing to the Viceroy the death of his father, arrived at Alexandria. There is a story, which does not seem deserving of credit, that the government of the young Sultan have written to the Viceroy Mehemet Ali, offering to put themselves under his protection, and inviting him to Constantinople to organize the government.

A more probable statement, contained in a letter from Constantinople of July 8, is that a firman has been sent by the Sultan to Alexandria, confirming Mehemet Ali in the hereditary possession of Egypt, on the condition of paying an annual tribute to the Porte and that the Egyptain troops evacuate Syria forthwith. The proposition, it is stated, was assented to by all the European Ambassadors. It is added, that there was at the time, transmitted to Mehemet Ali, a grand decoration of the Nishan Iffihaz, set in brilliants, accompanied by an autograph letter from the Sultan.

France.—The French Chamber of Peers in the case of the insurgents of May 12, passed sentence of death on Barbes only, which was commuted by the King, contrary to the advice of his ministers, to confinement at the galleys for life. The others were sentenced to different degrees of punishment.

Germany.—There had been some serious disturbance in the capital of Hanover. A petition was presented to the Germanic Diet against the arbitrary proceedings of the King, and praying for a restoration of the constitution of 1833. This petition was headed by Mr. Rumann, the chief of the magistracy. The King in consequence suspended him from his functions, and ordered him to be tried by the Privy Council. A large body of the citizens proceeded to the palace, and insisted that by the law Mr. Rumann could not be tried by the Privy Council, but only by a Municipal tribunal, which point the King conceded. In the meantime a high degree of excitement and exasperation existed.

Russia.—The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia arrived at St. Petersburg, July 5, on his return from his late tour.

The marriage of the Duke of Leuchtenburg to the Grand Duchess Mary, took place in the presence of the Emperor and imperial family and the grand dignitaries of the empire, on the 14th.

Russian Navy.—Among the items of Foreign news collected in the Daily Advertiser we find the following.

The Russian navy is formed of five grand divisions, three of which are stationed in the Baltic, and two in the Black Sea, each of which consists of one ship of four decks, eight of three decks, and six frigates, besides corvettes and despatch ships. Russia has now at sea 43 ships of the line each manned with 1100 men officers included The effective marine force is 30,800 men in the Baltic, and 19,800 in the Black Sea, making 50,600 men. Taken together nothing can be worse organized.

India and China.—News from India and China had been received in England by way of the Persian Gulf.

The following paragraph is from a London letter of July 31th.

'Government and the Honorable East India Company have this morning received important overland despatches from China. All that we can at present ascertain is, that the China trade had been stopped, and her Majesty's superintendents and merchants made prisoners by the Chinese authorities. We believe the dates from Canton are to the 15th of April, and from Bombay to the 5th of June, and Calcutta to the 21st of May. Letters from the different presidencies may be expected through the agency of Mr. Waghorn on Monday. The route this time has been by the Persian Gulf.

The news from Canton was to April 15, at which time the difficulties were not settled, and the British merchants were not released.

The Rev. M. Harding's engagement with the Unitarian Parish at Stow, Massachusetts, having terminated, he is now at liberty to engage with any other Parish that may need his services. A line addressed either, to himself at Stow, or to the Rev. C. Briggs, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Boston, will be attended to.

Thursday Lecture will be omitted next week.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday evening, Aug. 15th, by Rev Mr Sargent, John E. Ward Esq. of Savannah Ga., U.S. District Attorney, to Miss Oliva B. Sullivan daughter of Hon. Wm. Sullivan.

20th inst. at Winter Hill, Charlestown, by Rev Mr Stetson, Mr Aaron B. Magoon, of Cambridgeport, to Miss Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Adams, of the former place.

In New York, Aug. 13, Rev Henry W. Bellows, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, in Chambers street, to Miss Eliza Nevins Townsend, daughter of Ehhu Townsend Esq.

In Edwardsburgh, Michigan, June 20, Col. Henry Waiton, of Saratoga, N. Y. to Miss Jane B. Orr, of East-Bridgewater Mrss.

DEATHS.

In this city on Sunday, Aug. 11th, Mrs Elizabeth Green, 87 relict of the late William Green.

In this city, Aug. 12th, Mr John B Callender, 44.

In this city, Aug. 13th, John T. Reed, Esq. of the firm of Faulkner & Reed, 54.

In Easton, 3d inst. Mrs Susan wife of Mr Martin Wild, and daughter of the late Mr Thomas Williams, 39. On the 8th inst. her sister, Miss Nancy Williams, 34, after an illness of 15 years.

In Paxton, 13th inst. Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Dr Edward M. Wheeler, and daughter of Maj. Reed, of Rowe, 20.

In Worcester, 18th inst. Sarah Bancroft, daughter of Mr John R. Blake of Brattleborough, Vt.

In Dunstable, Mr Zebedee Kendall, father of Amos Kendall, Post Master General.

In Fitchburgh, Mrs Mayo, wife of Mr Jed Mayo.

ANNUALS for 1840. The Gift, a Christmas and New Year's present—edited by Miss Leslie; illustrated by engravings from original paintings, in 1 vol. 12mo. List of embellishments—Childhood, by Sully—Don Quixote, by Leslie—The Tittle, by Sully—The Ghost Book, by Conegys—a Portrait by Sully—Bargaining for a Horse, by Mount—Isabella, by Sully—The Dying Greek, by Stephanhoff—The Painter's Study, by Mount—elegantly bound in embossed morocco.

Also—the Violet, edited by Miss Leslie—illustrated by engravings from steel plates, beautifully bound in embossed morocco.

The above splendid Souvenirs will be for sale next week, wholesale and retail, at TICKNOR'S, Corner of Washington and School Streets, to whom orders must be forwarded. a 24

THE THUGS, or Phansigars of India, comprising a history of the rise and progress of that extraordinary fraternity of assassins; and a description of the system which it pursued, and of the measures which it pursued, and of the measures which have been adopted by the Supreme Government of India for its suppression; compiled from original and authentic documents. Published by Capt. W. H. Sleeman, Superintendent Thug Police. This day received. For sale at TICKNOR'S, Corner of Washington and School streets. a 24

BROUGHAM'S STATESMEN of the Times of George III. 1st series—for sale at TICKNOR'S.

BEAN'S ADVICE.—Bean's Advice to a Newmarried pair is for sale at the Office of the Christian Register, neatly bound in figured cloth. Clergymen supplied as usual at the lowest wholesale prices. august 24.

UNITARIAN ADVOCATE.—For sale at the Office of the Christian Register, complete sets of the Unitarian Advocate. Odd Nos. supplied. august 24.

HISTORY OF PALESTINE—New and beautiful edition The Pictorial History of Palestine is now publishing monthly, to be completed in 16 Nos. and will make when completed the most authentic as well as the most beautiful work on that interesting portion of the world that has ever been published. Specimen numbers may be seen at JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street where subscriptions are received august 24

THE SCHOOL FRIEND.—Or Lessons in prose and verse; for the use of Schools, by the author of American Popular Sessons, 16mo. pp. 252. Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. august 24

AMERICAN ANNUAL REGISTER—One copy of the American Annual Register; in five vols 8vo, half russia. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. august 24

NORTON'S DISCOURSE.—This day published a Discourse delivered before the Alumni of the Divinity School, Cambridge—by Andrews Norton, for sale wholesale and retail by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. augus: 24

PROF. SILLIMAN'S Edition of Dr Mantell's Wonders of Geology.—The Wonders of Geology or a Familiar Exposition of Geological Phenomena by G. Mantell Esq., L. L. D., F. R, S., F. G.S., &c, author of 'The Geology of Sussex,' 'The Fossils of Tilgate Forest,' &c. The third edition.

This edition is much enlarged and improved, and illustrated by ten Lithographs, and nearly one hundred additional Engravings, with colored plates and sections, and with introductory remarks by Professor Silliman of Yale College—being one of the works on Geology adopted in that institution.

From the London Times, April 20.

'For the proficient in this science, Dr Mantell's work provides an accurate and complete hand book; and for the general reader, the style of the book is so agreeable, the explanations so clear, and above all the subject so extraordinarily interesting, that we can not do him a greater service than most cordially to recommend him to purchase and read it.'

Just received and for sale to the trade, or at retail, by C. C. LITTLE & JAS BROWN, 112, Washington Street. august 24.

NEW BOOK, by Professor Longfellow.—Hyperion, a Romance, by the author of 'Outre-Mer,' 2 vols.

Just received by
CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN,
a 24 112, Washington street.

CLASS OF 1827.

A MEETING of the class of 1829, will be held at the American House, 42 Hanover Street, on the evening of Commencement day, at 8 o'clock.

W. GRAY.
E. WESTON, JR.
ALBERT LOCKE.
E. L. CUNNINGHAN.
G. W. PHILLIPS.
R. R. CURTIS.
} Commitee of Arrangements.

august 17

THE MISSES GROVES' boarding and day school for young ladies, will re-open on Sept 3d. 3t august 17

BOOKS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. have for sale, among the large assortment of miscellaneous Books,—Mrs. Farrar's Young Lady's Friend, Miss Sedgwick's Means and Ends, Mrs Sigourney's Letters to Young Ladies, Newcomb's Young Lady's Guide, Whitman's Young Lady's Aid, My Daughter's Manual, Young Lady's Gift, Young Lady's Own Book, Phillip's, Lydia's, Martha's, and Mary's Young Lady's Book of Poetry, Sprague's Letters to Young People, Miss Jewsbury's Letters to accomplished Young Ladies, etc. aug 24

BOOKS FOR MOTHERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS. List No. 2.—Letters to Mothers, by Mrs Sigourney—Dr Alcott's Young Mother—Mother in her Family—Young Wife—Young Housekeeper—Mrs Child's Good Wives, Lady Russell, &c.—Mother's Book, &c.—Frederick Education—Home Education—American Education—Young Nurse—Abbott's Books—Mother at Home—Women of England—Mrs Follen's Married Life—Mother's Magazine—Mother's Stories—Leslie's Cookery—Housekeeper's Book—Housekeeper's Manual—Frugal Housewife, &c.

In Press—A new Work on Domestic Economy, Cookery, &c. by a popular author, which promises to be one of the very best books published, and will be put at a low price, so that it may be within the reach of every housekeeper. It will be published in a few weeks. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. august 24

A GOOD LIFE—From the True Plan of a Living Temple. Containing a description of a well spent day—The social relations and general aspects of Life and Estimates of Life as the dawning of an eternal day. 'This Book,' says the Christian Examiner, 'can be recommended without reserve as a sort of whole duty of man, to be put into the hands of persons of all descriptions.' Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court Street. august 17.

STATIONARY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—Superroyal, Medium, Demy, Cap and Pot Papers; Letter Papers of various qualities; white, blue and fancy colored Letter-Paper, ruled Letter Paper, Note Paper, assorted colors; Quarto Post and Billet Papers of satin surface.

A large assortment of Steel Pens, from the most approved manufacturers, comprising the latest and most approved kinds. Also, Pen-holders.

English and Russia Quills.

INK—in bottles of various sizes, blue and red Ink, English japan Ink, Ink Powder.

Sealing Wax, red and black, fine and extra superfine, embossed and assorted colors. Wafers of all sizes and colors. Transparent Wafers.

Everpointed Silver Pencil Cases, Leads for do.; Lead Pencils, Sand Boxes, Inkstands various kinds, Letter Stamps, Portfolios, Large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Card Cases, Visiting Cards, Wallets, Memorandum Books, &c. Rodgers & Sons' Penknives, Scissors and Razors, Dressing Combs, Fancy Soaps; Hair, Cloth and Tooth Brushes, Tooth Powder, Pocket Maps, Porcelain Slates, Transparent Slates, Indelible Ink, Albums &c.

For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street, corner of Brattle street. aug 3

TRADITIONS OF PALESTINE.—Edited by Harriet Martineau. Contents. The Hope of The Hebrew—Life in Death—Songs of Exile—The wilderness Gladdened—Behold thy Son—the Hour of Rest—Alas; that Mighty City.

This day published by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
august 24 118 Washington st.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW'S NEW ROMANCE.—Hyperion; a Romance. By the author of Outre-Mer.

Just published and for sale
WM. CROSBY & CO.
august 24 118 Washington st.

THE SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETER. A few copies of this work, complete.

For sale at 118 Washington street, by
august 24 WM. CROSBY & CO.

DEWEY'S DISCOURSES.—Discourses on various subjects. By Rev. Orville Dewey. In two vols. Fresh supply this day received by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
august 24 118 Washington st.

WALL'S CHRIST CRUCIFIED.—Christ Crucified, an Epic Poem in twelve Books, by U. E. Wall 8vo. London. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street.

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the propriety of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice GRATIS. jan 19

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, Winter or Spring, 50 } in
Summer or Fall, 45 } advnce.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.

Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.

Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.

Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.

Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.

A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.

A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.

D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug. 10th, 1838. n 24

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

HENRY N. HOOPER & CO.
24 Commercial St., Boston.
jy 20 is1aw6mo

*REMOVAL.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE WISH.

I wish I were a little bird,
That I might soar away,
To visit lands beyond the sea,
And in their sunbeams play;
Then should the golden skies of France,
Shine sweetly on my head;
I'd drink from pure Italia's streams
Beside some rosy bed.

But stop! is there a lofty soul,
Within the warbler's breast?
Do faith and hope e'er point beyond,
To peaceful, endless rest?
Will the gay songster find a home,
On the celestial shore?
No, no! I would not be a bird,
To die, and live no more.

I wish that beauty were my lot—
A bright and sparkling eye;
A cheek of 'roseate hue,' and brow
Of marble purity;
And flowing tresses too, to shade
Each gently falling tear;
A voice of sweetest melody,
That all might love to hear.

But hark! what sound is that, which comes
Borne softly to my heart?
It whispers, covet not a gift,
That must so soon depart.
The sparkling eye will lose its light,
The 'roseate hue' will fade;
Time's hand will change the 'sunny hair,'
And all in dust be laid.

I'll wish that I were good; that nought
Save purity, and peace,
And love, and holy truth, could find
Within my heart a place.
I'll wish for freedom of the soul,
To soar unchecked on high;
For fadeless beauties of the mind,
I'll breathe my only sigh.

Then, like the bird I shall not die,
But ever still, live on;
Live on, when earth has passed away,
And all its joys are gone.
Like beauty, then I shall not fade,
But like the setting sun,
Shall brightest shine, when life's last breath
Shall bear my spirit home.

Waltham. L. B. T.

ODE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place!
Life is the running of the race!
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought,
That path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here?
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake
We disappear!

Long ere the lamp of life can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that strolled so light and gay,
The heart's blythe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and wo
When age comes on.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

TO MY WIFE.

Soul of my dreams! I gaze on thee,
And feel the spirit of my mother,
When o'er my helpless infancy
She watched with fond fidelity,
And restless care that nought could smother.

Joy of the past! the hope—the light
Of future days of joy or sorrow,
Of sweet today or cares tomorrow;
Oh how my spirit blends with thine,
As tendrils round the oak entwine;
And pure, delicious thoughts of thee
Rush from the shrine of inmost feeling,
The passion of my soul revealing,
Wakening the tide of extacy,
And showing my young heart's emotion,
Like the wild billow of the ocean,
As it heaveth to and fro,
In curls that burst, and brighten as they flow.

Peace to thy happy, smiling face,
Where heaven has left its brightest grace,
And planted on thy glowing cheeks
The blush of innocence and truth,
The charm of virtue and of youth,
The only native language virtue speaks.

Oh, how I love to gaze on thee,
With all my soul's idolatry,
And know thou art a part of me,
And press thee closer to my heart,
And bear thee in my soul's devotion,
And feel that we shall never part,
Till my soul hath lost its light—my heart its motion!

Shine upon my soul forever,
Till the hand of death shall sever
Those sweet bonds of changeless love,
That the world's power could sunder never,
And o'er the ruins of the earth we move
To fairer bowers—to higher joys above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRACT FROM A 'WINTER RHAPSODY.'

There is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the 'old familiar faces' of nature are for a while out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth, carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. If we think at all of human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. 'Pure as snow,' are words then felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes—brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance—far, far, farther still—in the world beyond the grave—the image of a virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood among her parents' prayers, or of some spiritual creature, who expired long ago, and carried with her, her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert Thou—whose rising and whose setting—both most starlike—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as, when we are dreaming our way through some solitary place, without speaking we bless the beauty of some sweet wild flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow!

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptized.—Then comes a wavering glimmer of seven sweet years, that to Thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and, finally, that other Sabbath, on which, at thy own dying request—between services thou wert buried!

How mysterious are all thy ways and workings, O gracious Nature! Thou who art but a name given by our souls, seeing and hearing through the senses, to the Being in whom all things are and have life! Ere two years old, she, whose dream is now with us, all over the small silvan world, that beheld the revelation, how evanescent! of her pure existence—was called the 'Holy Child!' The taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed from her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantile tears. So pious people almost believed, looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with a wondrous beauty, at an age when on other infants is but faintly seen the dawn of reason, and their eyes look happy, just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all other children—but unlike only because sooner than they—she seemed to have had given to her—even in the communion of the cradle—an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrouded immortal spirit, dawned the light of reason and of religion on the face of the 'Holy Child.'

Her lisping language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indigent nature prompts;—and her own parents wondered whence they came in her simplicity, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mild week of vernal sunshine covers the braes with primroses, so shone with fair and fragrant feelings—unfolded, ere they knew, before her parents' eyes—the divine nature of her who, for a season, was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible—almost without teaching—they knew not how—just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or her mother had read aloud, in her hearing, from the Book of Life. 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven'—how wept the parents, as these the most affecting of our Savior's words dropt silver sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect daylight—with the 'Holy Child.' Many such miracles are set before us—but we recognize them not, or pass them by, with a word, or a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round its eyes a delightful smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply glide past our ears, unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music, till like small genii they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, and almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colors, and to imitate with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been—are—and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of soul—so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the 'Holy Child?'

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies, and as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morning with a new dream of thought that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech. Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller, who might pause a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming home afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy!

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes even all the day long from morning till night. But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends—all the birds. The linnet ceased not his song for her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray from which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushat clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of her harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if blown from heaven descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep, or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild flowers—with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews, from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high over head sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty, and was loath to shake one dewdrop from the sweetbrier rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or inrest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. Skilful those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their buch, her parents wondering on their return hose, to see the handiwork of one who was neve idle in her happiness. Thus early—ere ye but five years old—did she earn her mite fe the sustenance of her own beautiful life! The russet garb she wore she herself had won—and thus Poverty at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel, with the neaments of heaven on her brow, and the quitude of heaven on her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastime, or gentle task-work self-imposed among he pastimes; and itself, the sweetest of them il, inspired by a sense of duty, that still bring with it its own delight—and hallowed by region, that even in the most adverse lot change slavery into freedom—till the heart, insensole to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud fr joy. The life within the life of the 'Holy Child,' apart from even such innocent employmts as these, and from such recreations as inocent, among the shadows and the sunshine o those silvan haunts, was passed, let us not fear t say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in so very young—was passed in the worship of God; and her parents—though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small criture like her, and afraid, in their exceedingove, that it betokened an early removal fro this world of one too perfectly pure even o be touched by its sins and sorrows—forbore, an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible fro her knees, as she would sit with it there, t at morning and at evening only, or the Sabath long as soon as they returned from the rk, but often through all the hours of the lest and sunniest week-days, when there was thing to hinder her from going up to the hillside, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared—nothing to hinder her but the ice she heard speaking in that Book, and the allelujahs that, at the turning over of each ssed page, came upon the ear of the 'oly Child' from white robed saints all kneelinbefore His throne in heaven!

Her life seemed to be the same in ep. Often at midnight, by the light of the on shining in upon her little bed beside their her parents leant over her face, diviner in dms, and wept as she wept, her lips all the ile murmuring, in broken sentences of prayche name of Him who died for us all. But pteous as were her penitential tears—penitcal, in the holy humbleness of her stainless sits, over thoughts that had never left a dimg breath on its purity, yet that seemed, in se strange visitings, to be haunting her ahe shadow of sins—soon were they all dried in the lustre of her returning smiles! Wag, her voice in the kirk was the sweetest ang many sweet, as all the young singers, anhe the youngest far, sat together by themses, and within the congregational music one psalm, uplifted a silvery strain that sould like the very spirit of the whole, even likgelic harmony blent with a mortal song. t sleeping, still more sweetly sang the 'ly Child;' and then, too, in some diviner insation than ever was granted to it while aw, her soul composed its own hymns, and set simple scriptural words to its own myster music—the tunes she loved best gliding one another, without once ever marring melody, with pathetic touches interposed n heard before, and never more to be renew For each dream had its own breathing, many-visioned did then seem to be the sin creature's sleep!

The love that was borne for her, all over hill-region, and beyond its circling clouds, almost such as mortal creatures might thought to feel for some existence that visibly come from heaven! Yet all that loo on her, saw that she, like themselves, mortal, and many an eye was wet, the h wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling f her lips; for dimly did it prognosticate that short as bright would be her walk from cradle to the grave. And thus for the 'H Child' was their love elevated by awe, and dened by pity—and as by herself she pas pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes t smiled on her presence, on her disappeara wept!

Not in vain for others—and for herself, what great gain!—for these few years on ea did that pure spirit ponder on the word of G Other children became pious from their deli in her piety—for she was simple as the s plest among them all, and walked with them h in hand, nor spurned companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her—and parents had but to whisper her name—and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed—the lowering brow lighted—and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the piety, so far surpassing their thoughts; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the 'Holy Child,' knew the error of their ways, and returned to the right path, as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer—the brightest, so the aged said, that had ever, in man's memory, shone over Scotland. One long, stilly, sunny, blue day followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had been always pale; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need—no fear to tell her that she was about to die! Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep—and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done—and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love—and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared—nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared; for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small solitary kirkyard, miles off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed—for a while weeping bitterly—but soon comforted by a heavenly calm—that her sins might be forgiven her!

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parent at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn which from her lips they now never heard without unendurable tears:

'The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace!'

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew now that the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But foreheads, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were all as white, and, to the quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold, as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those raddiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake—and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss and no more—a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes—the father listened for her breath—and then the mother took his place, and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding herself with its lifeless smile; but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sudden stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbelieving hearts at last, that it was death.

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral—for none staid away from the kirk that Sabbath—though many a voice was unable to join in the Psalm. The little grave was soon filled up—and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable—and though an old grey-haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting—but no one looked at them—and when the congregation rose to go, there they remained sitting—and an hour afterwards, came out again into the open air, and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessing of a thousand prayers!

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away disconsolately to their graves? Think not that they who were Christians indeed, could be guilty of such ingratitude. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!' were the first words they had spoke by that bedside; during many long years of weal or woe, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer—and many a thousand times beside, when they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill—neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore—and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sunshine, her eyes were seen to overflow! Happy had they been—as we mortal beings ever can be happy—during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born. And happy were they—on to the verge of old age—after she had here ceased to be! Their Bible had indeed been an idle book—the Bible that belonged to 'the Holy Child,'—and idle all their kirkgoings with 'the Holy Child,' through the Sabbath calm—had those intermediate seven years not left a power of bliss behind them, triumphant over death and the grave!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CREATION.

For what purpose did the infinite Creator give existence to this majestic monument of his almighty power? For what purpose did he create the earth and the heavens, with all their unnumbered hosts? Was it not, evidently, that he might communicate happiness; and does not this design appear conspicuous on the open face of nature! What is the plain and unequivocal indication of all those marks of infinite wisdom, and skilful contrivance, in the general dispositions, and in all the parts of surrounding nature? Is it not, that the Creator of all things is infinitely good? Is infinitely good? Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the regular and harmonious disposition of the heavenly orbs? Instead of this beautiful order, why was there not the most horrible confusion? Instead of this benignant harmony of the spheres, why was there not a perpetual jar, and the most disastrous conclusion?

Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the grandeur and beauty of the creation—so favorably adapted to elevate, to inspire with admiration, and to fill with the purest pleasure, the devout and contemplative mind? Why was not the whole creation so formed as only to excite amazement, terror, and despair? Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the beautiful scenery of our globe—so agreeably diversified with continent and seas, islands and lakes, mountains and plains, hills and valleys, adapted to various beneficial purposes, and abounding with productions, in endless variety, for the convenience, the support, and the happiness of its diversified inhabitants? Why was not the whole earth like the burning sands of Libya, or the rugged and frozen mountains of Zembla? Why was it not one wild dreary waste, producing only briers and thorns, and poisonous and bitter fruits?

Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the grateful vicissitudes of the seasons; each bearing upon its bloom its peculiar delights; the spring arrayed in the most beautiful verdure, and decorated with flowers; the summer abounding with delightful prospects, and teeming with luxuriance; autumn loaded with golden harvests, and the richest variety of fruits: and even winter supplying in social enjoyments, and the nobler pleasure of study and contemplation, what it lacks in external charms? Why was not the whole year one continued scene of dull uniformity, or so irregular in its changes, as utterly to baffle all the calculations, and arrangements, and pursuits of life? Why was not every sight a spectacle of horror, every sound a shriek of distress, every sweet a most pungent bitter, every gale a blast of pestilence? Is it not because the Creator and Preserver of the world is a being of infinite goodness?

Is it not strange, that we do not constantly perceive the glory of God, which the heavens declare, and gratefully recognize his goodness, so richly spread abroad through all his works? Happy, happy, were it for us, did nature constantly appear to us as it really is, animated and enlivened by the presence of its glorious author! When the sun rises or sets in the heavens, when spring adorns the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or when winter returns in its awful forms, happy were it for us, did we constantly view the great Creator and Preserver of all, continually manifesting himself in his various works! Happy did we meet his presence in the smiling fields, feel his influence in the cheering beams, hear his voice even in the whispering breeze and taste his goodness in every gift of nature and providence! Happy did we feel ourselves every where surrounded with the glory of that universal Spirit, who fills, pervades, and enlivens all; and did we live in the world, as in a great and august temple where the presence of the divinity who inhabits it, fills the mind with awe, and inspires the heart with devotion.

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